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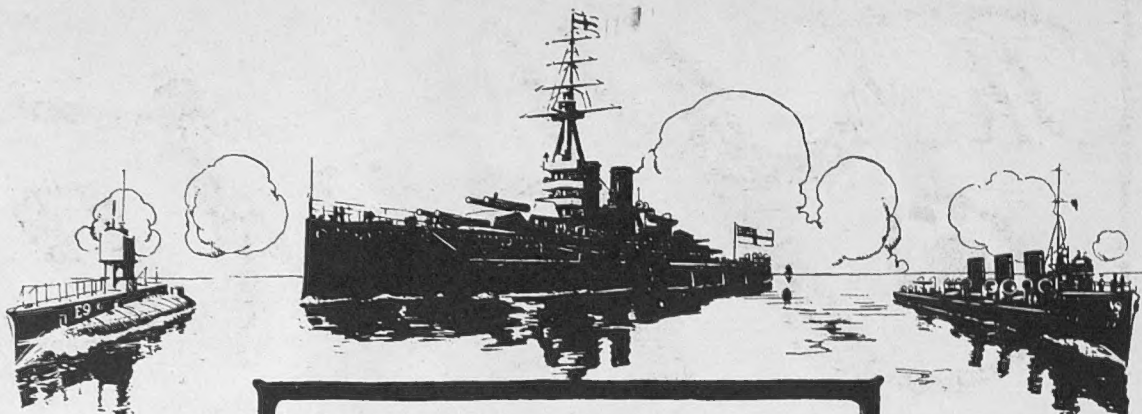
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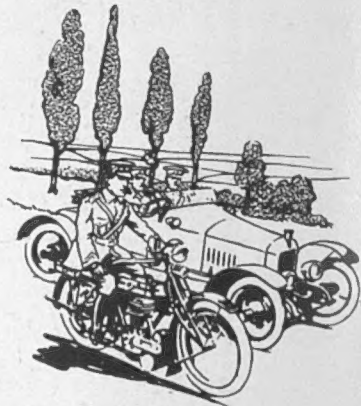
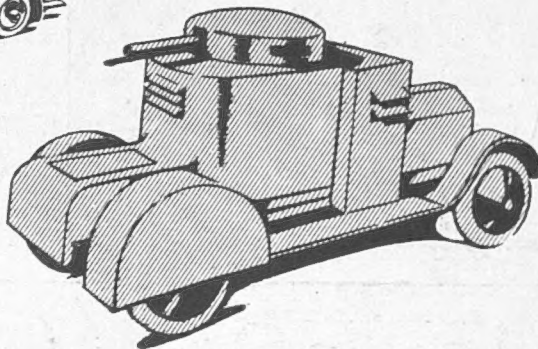
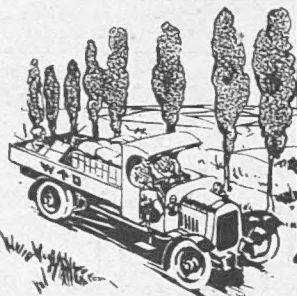
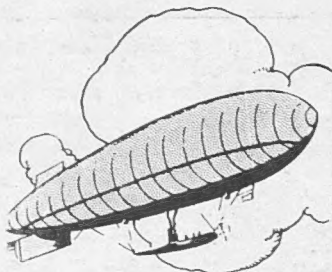
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The Sketch

No. 1144.—Vol. LXXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1914.

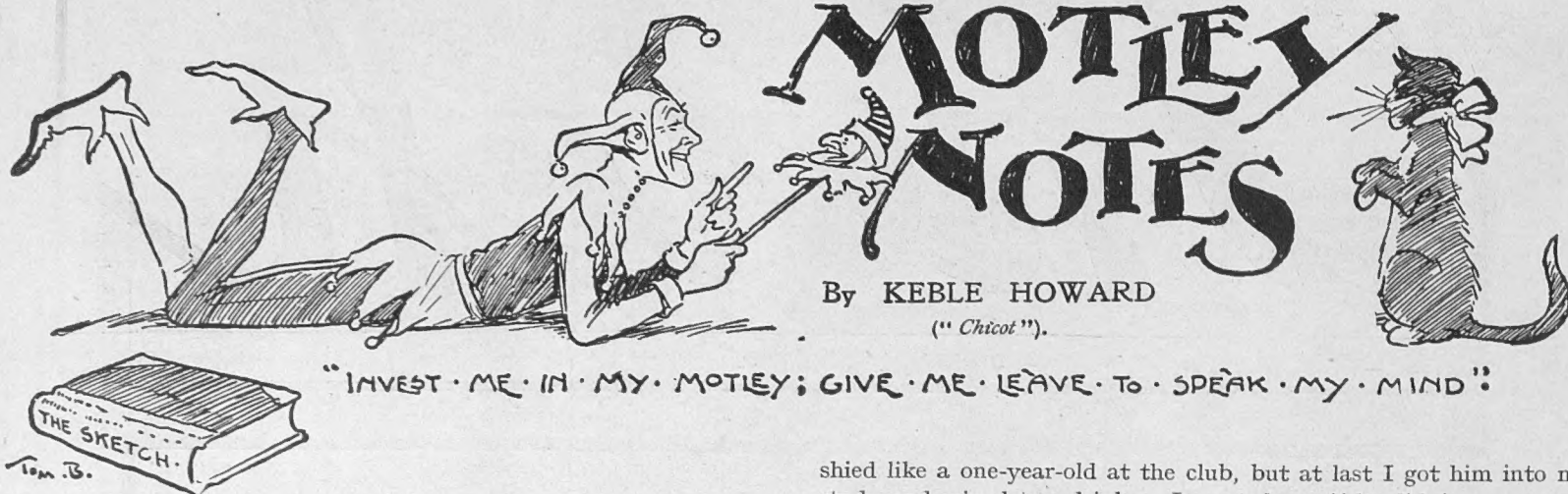
SIXPENCE.



A RAIDER OF GERMAN WARSHIPS WHO WAS TAUGHT TO FLY BY HIS MOTHER, AND WHOSE FATHER IS A FAMOUS NOVELIST: FLIGHT-COMMANDER F. E. T. HEWLETT, R.N., THE ONLY ONE OF THE SEVEN NAVAL AIRMEN WHO DID NOT RETURN FROM CUXHAVEN.

Flight-Commander Francis Esmé Theodore Hewlett, who was unfortunately missing after the brilliant Naval air-raid on German war-ships off Cuxhaven on Christmas Day, is the only son of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, author of "The Forest Lovers," and so many other famous novels. His mother, Mrs. Hewlett, who was one of the first women to take up aviation, and is a well-known air-woman, gave him lessons in flying. He became a Naval cadet in 1904,

and attained the rank of Lieutenant last January. In 1911 he obtained his pilot's certificate at Brooklands, and was made a Flight-Commander last July. He was very popular in the Navy. The Admiralty account of the air-raid, after mentioning that he was missing, said: "His machine was seen in a wrecked condition about eight miles from Heligoland, and the fate of this daring and skilful pilot is at present unknown."



The Sudden Decay of Capstick.

Everybody in our neighbourhood is talking about Capstick. He has suddenly become as important as the war. In a way, he represents for us the darker side of warfare.

Miss Nipchin was the first to get on to it. (It was at one time thought that she would become Mrs. Capstick, but he slipped through her fingers at the Ancient Foresters' Ball. Of that, more anon.)

Miss Nipchin stopped me opposite the church one day and said, "Can you tell me whether Mr. Capstick has suffered any very bitter loss since the war began?"

"I expect his dividends——" I began, but she swept the suggestion aside with a superb gesture.

"That would not account for it. He is not a man of that sort. Whatever his weaknesses, poor fellow, a mere money loss would not work this terrible change in him."

Alarmed, I gently drew her out of the way of the butcher's cart, and begged her to continue.

"Perhaps you haven't seen him lately. I can quite understand that. He goes nowhere except to church. Would you believe me if I told you that the poor fellow has aged ten years since the war began?"

"You, yes; but nobody else."

"Thank you. You can't be too careful in these days—and in this place. But it's quite true. Everybody will be talking about it in a day or two."

"I'm sure they will."

"If the change had been gradual, one could have understood it. Indeed, I have been expecting it ever since—well, never mind. But it's so awfully sudden. A month ago he would have passed for twenty-eight or thirty, amongst strangers. In church last Sunday, especially during the Litany, when even I could see the top of his head, forty-five. Not a day less!"

"Bald?"

"As a coot."

"Heavens!"

"Precisely. Don't mention it to a soul."

"I won't."

"Except to get information."

"Quite so."

The little spinster tripped upon her sunlit way. A week later, I met her coming out of the reading-room.

"Have you heard the very latest?" she whispered.

"I shouldn't think so."

"His face has fallen in."

"Starving, perhaps?"

"Oh, no. Heslop tells me" (Heslop is the butcher) "that her orders are much the same as usual."

"Then I can't account for it."

"Can't you? I can. *Teeth.*"

"This is too much."

"You ought to call."

"Before anything else goes?"

"Don't make me cry in the street." She left me hurriedly, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief. She had spotted the Rector, and just caught him on his doorstep.

A night or two later, as luck would have it, I met Capstick slinking home from the station and avoiding the gas-lamps. He tried to elude me, but I have a big heart.

"Why, old man," I said, "where have you been all these days?"

"Goo'night," he mumbled, but I had him by the arm. He

shied like a one-year-old at the club, but at last I got him into my study and mixed two drinks. I wanted one if he didn't.

"Is it as bad as that?" he asked pitifully.

"Oh, dear, no. It's hardly noticeable."

"What?" He shot up from his chair. I never saw a man so agitated.

"All right, all right," I said soothingly. "If you want it to be noticeable, it is. How could I know?"

And then he told me.

"When this war broke out," he began, "I was one of the smartest and youngest-looking men in the place. You can't deny it."

I couldn't. "You were the marvel and envy of us all," I admitted.

"Very well. On the third day of the war, coming home in the train, two women attacked me. Mind you, the compartment was crowded. They asked me if I was a German. 'No,' I replied, with heat, 'I'm an Englishman!' 'Then why aren't you fighting,' they demanded—'a young, strong fellow like you?'"

"What could I say? Could I blurt out that I was forty-two? They simply wouldn't have believed me."

"Neither should I—a month ago."

"Exactly. Two days after that, a horrible young woman stopped me in the Strand, and handed me a white feather. A crowd of urchins followed me all the way to Charing Cross calling out, 'Garn! Funk! 'Oo's afeared of the Germings!' That settled it. It had to go."

"What had to go?"

He touched his bald forehead.

"But I never knew you wore one!"

"Nobody knew—except my wife. That's how it happened, you know. We were sitting out at the Ancient Foresters' Ball, and it slipped."

"And you sealed her lips——?"

"Effectually. Mind you, it was all for the best. I could never have told a woman, and one couldn't propose without preparing her. You understand?"

"Perfectly." Poor little Miss Nipchin! There's many a slip—But you have to be on the spot at the right moment.

"Well, as I was saying, it had to go. But I forgot that I looked as young as ever with my hat on. Near St. Paul's one day, a recruiting sergeant had the impertinence to accost me. I swore at him. He retorted that I was letting the other youngsters fight for me. A crowd collected."

"Why didn't you remove your hat?"

"I did, but one can't go everywhere without a hat in this weather. Besides, I miss 'it.' I should catch a frightful cold. So there was nothing for it but these."

He tapped his lips. I nodded sympathetically. I was beginning to realise, in dead earnest, the horrors of war.

"At any rate," I said, "they don't worry you any more?"

"Oh, yes, they do. When I see them coming, I take off my hat. If that doesn't check them, I grin. I tell you, my friend, it's an awful thing, in time of war, to look twenty-eight when you're really forty-two."

A month passed by. At the end of that time, the age-limit was raised from thirty-five to thirty-eight. A week later, I met little Miss Nipchin coming out of the Ladies' Broth and Blanket Guild for Belgian Refugees.

"Oh," she cried, "I've been so wanting to see you! That poor man!"

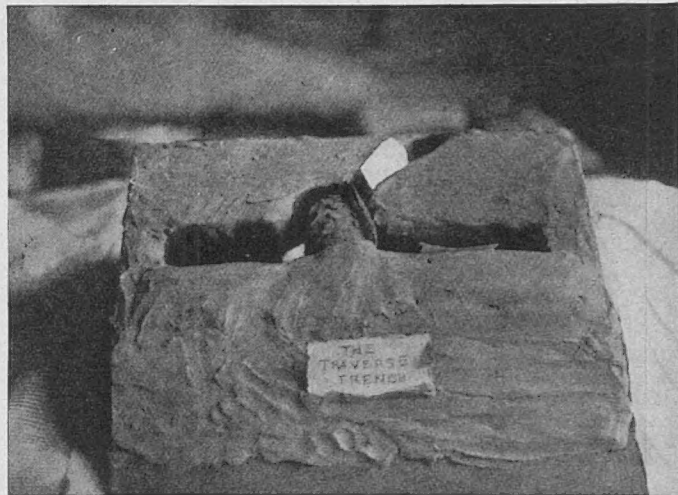
"What's happened to him now? Has he lost a leg or an eye?"

"Worse than that! He's growing a beard, and it's coming grey!"

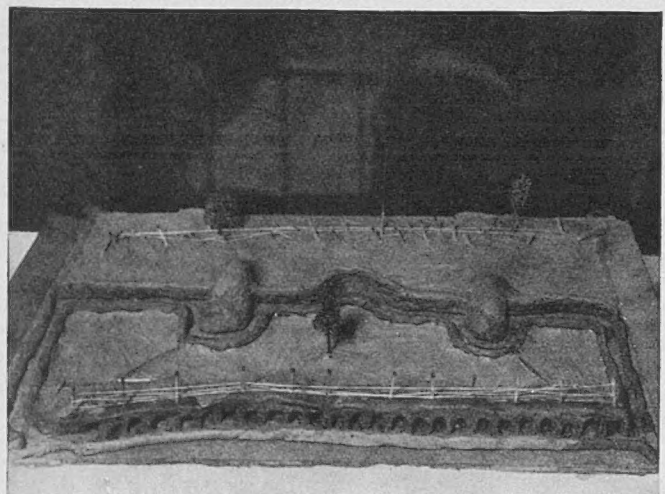
TRENCH-MAKING IN HOSPITAL: MODEL WORK BY WOUNDED.



MAKING A MODEL TRENCH TO HELP KITCHENER'S ARMY:
A PRIVATE OF THE BORDER REGIMENT AT WORK.



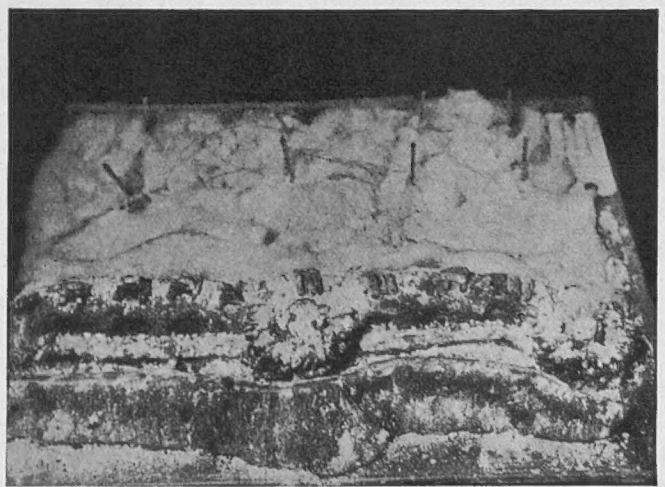
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A MODEL OF THE DEFENCE IN WHICH ITS MAKER FOUGHT:
A TRENCH UNDER SNOW, BY A BLACK WATCH PRIVATE.



MAKING A MODEL TRENCH FOR MEN WHO WILL GO TO THE
FRONT: A PRIVATE OF THE SCOTS GUARDS AT WORK.

A very interesting competition has been held in the Military Wards of the London Hospital. The competitors were wounded soldiers; and they modelled trenches in which they had fought at the front. These are to be sent to various depots of Kitchener's Army, to show the young soldiers how modern defences are constructed. With regard to the third illustration, it may be added that the model is to scale. In the case of

such trenches, it takes a hundred men 1½ hours to dig a suitable 100-yard-long trench. The first photograph shows Private White, of the 2nd Border Regiment. The trench in Photograph No. 3 is by Private James Egerton, of the 1st North Staffordshire; that in No. 4 is by Private G. Elwell; that in No. 5, by Private Corstorphin, of the 2nd Black Watch. In No. 6 is seen Private H. Hoyles, of the Scots Guards.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.

CULTURE AND THE EMPEROR: BARRIE'S "DER TAG."



"THE DAY," AT THE LONDON COLISEUM: MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE
AND MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS THE EMPEROR.

"Der Tag," Sir J. M. Barrie's play, is forcible and direct, as well as full of great suggestions. In a bare chamber, dimly lighted, an Emperor sits in thought. To him come his Chancellor and an officer, with a declaration of war against France and Russia, for signature. The Emperor hesitates, indulges in rhetorical outbursts in which egoism struggles with vacillation, and asks "What of Britain?" The Chancellor and the officer lie to him, the Emperor speaks of Britain with contempt, has scruples with regard to Belgium, but is over-tempted, wishes "to be alone," soliloquises, mutters of Zeppelins, then sleeps and dreams of the Spirit of Culture,

who flatters Germany, warns the Emperor against self-delusion, pleads, argues. The Chancellor and officer return, but the Emperor tears the paper, and they leave, chagrined. He sleeps again, and again the Spirit of Culture comes, with a wound in her breast and "surveys him sadly." The Emperor has dreamt that there is no war, but Culture tells him the truth; the Emperor cries: "God cannot let my Germany be utterly destroyed," and the play ends with Culture's two-edged epigram: "If God is with the Allies, Germany will not be destroyed." Then Culture puts a pistol in the hand of the Emperor and leaves him.—[Photographs by C.N.]

A POTENTIAL PEERESS: HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.



WIFE OF THE NEW HEIR TO THE ABERDARE BARONY: THE HON. MRS. CLARENCE BRUCE.

With the much-regretted death in action of Captain the Hon. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce, who married the beautiful actress, Miss Camille Clifford, in 1906, the succession to the Barony of Aberdare has devolved upon his next brother, the Hon. Clarence

Napier Bruce, who was born in 1885, and is a barrister of the Inner Temple, and a Lieutenant in the Glamorganshire Yeomanry Reserve. Mr. Clarence Bruce married, in 1912, Miss Margaret Bethune Black, daughter of Mr. Adam Black.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THERE are some more changes in "Odds and Ends," at the Ambassadors'. Mr. Arthur Playfair has joined the company, and presents the bankrupt manager whose theatre gives hospitality to a foreign troupe—and presents him very well. Indeed, he is immensely funny at times in his well-known way: his reading of a rather cleverly written comic letter might be a lesson to some of our serious performers; one could almost believe that he had never read it before. Of course, his imitations are very good; though the exact point of his imitating Mr. Harry Tate, who is supposed to be imitating the Kaiser, I can hardly see. Miss Yvonne Arnaud has joined the company: doubtless a bigger place will be found for her in the elastic scheme of the piece, for the only criticism to pass on the very clever work of the lady would be to repeat the remark of Oliver Twist on an historic occasion; however, she sings prettily and makes one want to hear her play a longer piece on the piano. M. Morton vies with Mr. Playfair in being funny, and is quite irresistible. The recitation, "Oh! Guillaume, qu'as-tu fait?" which never gets beyond the first line, is richly comic; so, too, in a humbler way, is little Willie in "East Lynne." There are plenty of other clever people, notably Miss Millie Sim and Miss Betty Balfour. The latter, by the way, now delivers M. Max Dearly's speech about *l'honneur et la Patrie*, and accomplishes a very difficult task very well. Wise people will go early enough to see Mme. Hanako in the comedietta that precedes the revue, for the Japanese lady gives a quite brilliant performance, and even reminds one of the great Duse, whom, alas! we shall never see again.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE RING IN JAPAN: OUR ALLIES AS WRESTLERS.*

Symbolism in the "Ring."

There is nothing picturesque about the boxing match as we know it. Britain takes its sport too seriously, is too engrossed in form and in results, to trouble about externals. Once upon a time, in the illuminated days of the Middle Ages, the Tournament was more than a mere test of knightly skill. There was the Queen's favour to be won, and there was much pomp and circumstance. Those brave pageanties have passed: we are utilitarians, not artists in spectacle. In Japan it is different. Symbolism is in the very blood of our Allies of the Far East. In boxing they cannot show this: the fistic art is not theirs. Wrestling, amateur and professional, gives them their opportunity. It had its origin twenty-three years B.C., in a match between Taima and Nomi, and their art has been handed down from generation unto generation. See, in the great Hall of the Kokugikan, to which you have been bidden by beat of drum, the arena set for the fights. It is of eighty-two sand-bags packed firmly on the ground, and at each corner stands a strong pillar, wrapped in coloured cloth. That in the east is swathed in blue, and represents spring; that in the west is white, for autumn; that in the south is red, for summer; that in the north is black, for winter. Near the foot of each pillar are a bale of salt and a tub of water, "these to be used by the combatants for purifying their mouth and body before they begin to fight when they come upon the arena." The water is gargled; the salt is sprinkled on the body.

Headquarters Wrestling.

"The wrestling is the king of all performances for pleasure in Tokyo, and the flower of all arts carried on in the great city." It is governed by the Great Wrestling Association, whose representatives are Elders, "veterans, powerful and meritorious, among their society. In the feudal age the number of the Toshiyori were limited to thirty-six, in accordance with the number of gates of the Yedo Castle, but at present they are increased to eighty-eight. . . . The great wrestling performance in the Kokugikan is held only twice a year—in January and May; and the period for one performance is limited to ten days. By the result of those two short but important performances the position and salary of all wrestlers are promoted and increased; and during the rest of the year, except January and May, the wrestlers go out for travels to the eastern or western provinces, where they show their performances to the country people, and at the same time to train their body and art in preparation for the formal competition."

A Match in Being.

Now, a match. "As there are several ranks of wrestlers, classified according to their strength and skill, so are there the ranks for the umpires of wrestling. When an umpire (Gyoji) comes on the arena to take his duty, he carries a wooden fan named the Gunbai Uchiwa (war-fan) in his hand, and uses it to appoint the victor when the match is settled. To the handle of the fan a tuft of silk thread is attached, and the ranks of the umpire are distinguished by the colour of the tuft: the umpire of the highest rank is called the Tategyoji, and uses the crimson tuft; the next, the mixed one of red and white; the third, that of blue and white; and so on. . . ." The wrestlers are divided into East and West, and always East and West meet. At the beginning of the Headquarters Wrestling, criers "go around to awake wrestlers in their rooms by striking wooden clappers on very early morning before dawn at 3 a.m. . . ." Before coming on to the "mat," the combatants, as we have noted, purify themselves with water and with salt. "When both stand up to fight . . . each is standing a few minutes apart from the other in order to catch the opportunity for attack, waving up and down his both hands, and crying 'Yoh, yoh!' . . . When the two stand up Sui-in suddenly raised up his hands high above his head, just like a man who is shouting 'Banzai' ('Live for ever!'), and, taking the opportunity, the enemy steps near him and grasps his belt. You anticipate that, the belt being seized by the enemy, Sui-in should be defeated, but he composedly drops down his long arms, and no sooner he seizes the knot of the belt at his enemy's back than he carries the enemy out of the ring by suspending the body with his two hands, together with his one cry, 'Yoh.'" At amateur matches—and they are many—the etiquette is the same. Size is a matter of moment for the wrestler, especially the professional: the Champion of the East has a body "big and round like an elephant," and his stomach is so developed and hardened that no wrestler, however strong, can defeat him if his body be "taken on" and pushed by the "large and tight" portion of the champion's anatomy already mentioned!—We have chosen to deal with but one chapter of Mr. Fujimoto's "The Night Side of Japan": every other is as interesting, whether it has to tell of theatres, music-halls, geishas, hotels, card-playing, restaurants, the parks, markets, fires, the picture palace, the rikisha-man, the Yoshiwara, where live and love the fair and frail ladies of Japan, or what not! The fact that its author's English is slightly Eastern but adds to the piquancy.

* "The Night Side of Japan." By T. Fujimoto. With Forty Illustrations, in Colour and Tint, specially executed by Japanese Artists. (T. Werner Laurie; 7s. 6d. net.)



THE CLUBMAN

NEW EGYPT—AND OLD! CAIRO IN THE EIGHTIES: CAIRO TO-DAY.

The New Sultan. Prince Hussein Kamel Pasha, the uncle of the ex-Khedive, is now the nominal ruler of Egypt, and succeeds to that throne with the title of Sultan. There are an abundance of Sultans already on thrones, for the Sultan of Turkey is by no means the only ruler who holds that title. There are Sultans ruling various Mohammedan States in Africa, and in the Far East there are many Sultans. The title is an Arabic word which denotes "ruler."

Egypt Under Hussein. I do not suppose that to the casual visitor Egypt under Prince Hussein after the war will appear to be different in any way from the Egypt of before the war under Abbas Hilmi. The people who stay during the winter in the big hotels never get into trouble with the police, and it does not matter to them in the least whether foreigners should be tried in the Egyptian Courts or in the Consular Courts. Nor does the question whether tribute is paid by Egypt to Turkey or not affect them in any way. The picturesque Egypt that foreigners know, the chattering bazaars, the running footmen dashing along in front of official carriages, the British officers of the native army in their much-braided white coats, the dahabeeahs, the donkeys, and the loquacious guides, the great hotels and the mighty ruins—all will be, under Hussein Kamel, as they were under Abbas Hilmi, and only those acquainted with the inner working of the State will notice the difference.

The New Flag. Egypt, of course, will discard her old flag, which is a sign of Turkish domination, and I have no doubt that men learned in these matters have already designed a national flag which will indicate Egypt's attachment to the Caliphate as well as the British Protectorate. A crowned

crested, if it is allowed in heraldry, would be a very suitable badge.

Cairo as It Was. I have known Cairo for half a lifetime, but I never was there in the days before the Suez Canal was opened, when the overland journey was really an overland journey, and Cairo was the jumping-off place for the journey across the desert to embark on the Red Sea. Shepherd's Hotel has always been, and is, different from any other hotel in the world, but those overland-route days brought its most picturesque period, and the setting-off of a caravan of Anglo-Indians must have been a wonderful sight. I first saw Cairo in the eighties in

tidiness and British cleanliness, and the old Oriental order still held good.

The Most Joyous Days of Cairo.

The most joyous time that I can remember in Cairo was when Lord Kitchener had victoriously terminated the campaign in the Soudan, when the Mahdi had met his fate, and Cairo was full of the young officers who had fought in the war, all enjoying themselves immensely and making Cairo a very cheerful place. There was a Sporting Club then, as there probably is now, where on warm nights we dined in the open air under a shelter of palm-trees; and I can recall on one such night that an Italian woman somewhere in the darkness of the surrounding foliage sang, and sang excellently, the great moon and the palm-trees and the song dwelling in my memory as having given that particular dinner exquisite surroundings.

The Black Soudanese Troops.

It was during this visit that I saw a parade of Egyptian troops in honour of the Khedive's birthday, or some other fête having connection with his Highness, and one of the brigades of black troops from the Soudan was brought on to parade by a young Brigadier who had been one of my subalterns in days gone by, for promotion was very rapid in the Egyptian Army in those days. These black troops had been brought down that Cairo should see who the men were who, with the British, had been winning victories in the Soudan; but the sturdy little black men, spoiling for a fight, did not for a moment think that they were brought down the Nile that Cairo should merely look at them, but believed they were going to be shipped off to fight some of Britain's enemies, and were much disappointed when they found that there was no further bloodshed before them. Now that Egypt is a Protectorate we can use these



FOR YOUNG ALLIES AT CHRISTMAS—THE WAR SPIRIT IN THE TOY-SHOPS: A PIOUS-PIOU.

On another page we give photographs of the Willie-Wogs, Big and Little Willie toys as to whose suggested identity there is, of course, no need to say more here. They are among the ideas of the hour for entertaining young Allies this Christmas. Here are some others of the same genus which are also finding great favour just now.

Photographs by C.N.

black troops, should we require them, against the Turks; but we shall probably trust to our own soldiers to do whatever fighting there may be on the Canal.

Cairo of Late Years.

Cairo of late years has grown rather too fashionable and too big to be as pleasant as it was during the years of its growth. And it has grown colder and rainier than it used to be. The Arabs say that the English brought the rain with them, which is true to this extent, that the irrigation works and the spread of cultivated land have taken away from Cairo its desert climate and have given it a climate in winter which much resembles that of England in spring. In the old days everybody knew everybody else in Cairo. During the last ten years European society has been as carefully regulated in Cairo as in any European capital, and the Table of Precedence has become the newest Cairene god.



FOR YOUNG ALLIES AT CHRISTMAS—THE WAR SPIRIT IN THE TOY-SHOPS: A BOY SCOUT AND AN ALGERIAN.

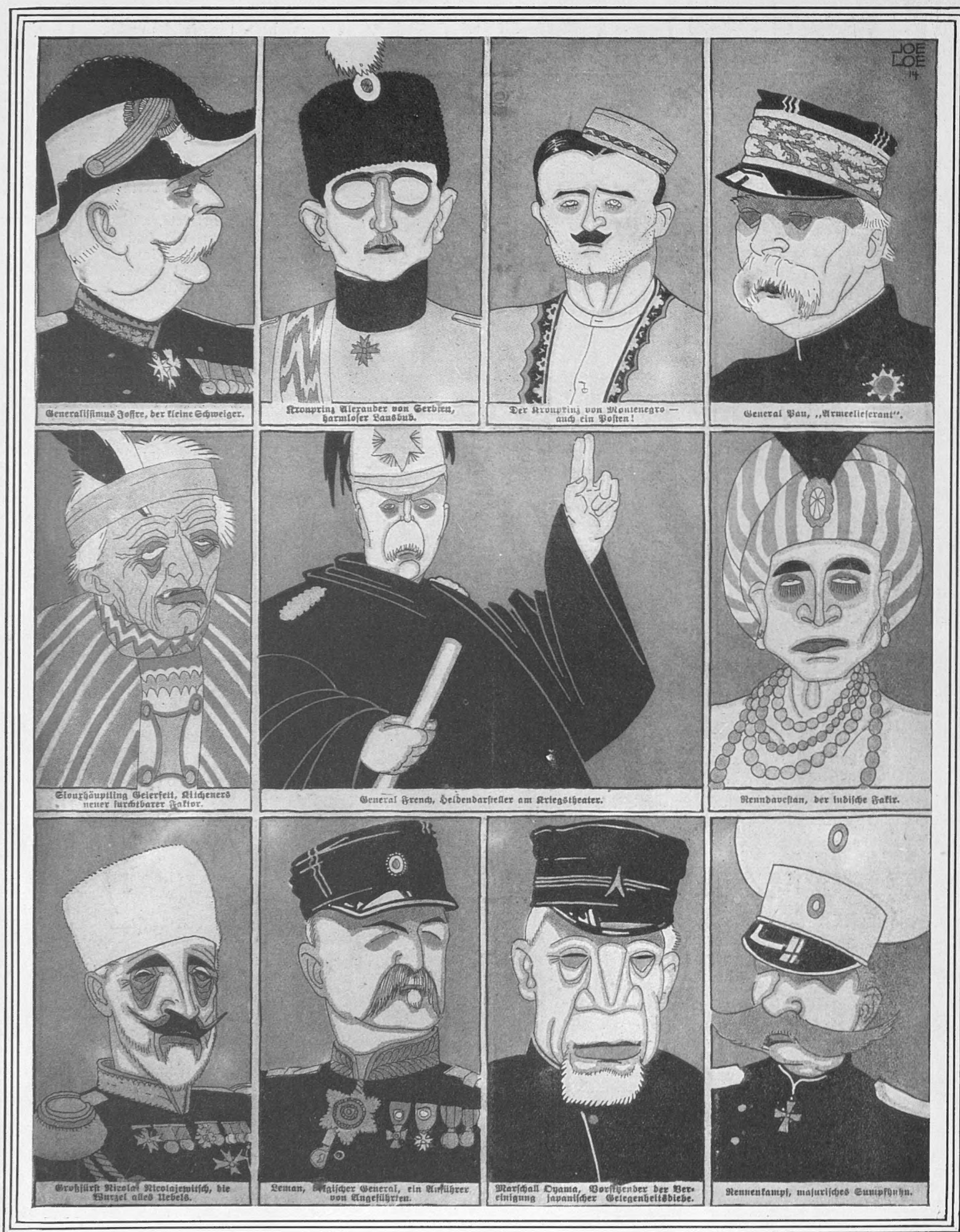
the winter after the defeat of Arabi Pasha, when the entrenchments at Tel-el-Kebir still stood as they had been on the day of the battle, and Cairo was still talking of the dash of the English cavalry when our horsemen, without supports of any kind, rode into the city and took it. Cairo was still the old Cairo then, for the British occupation had not yet brought with it British



FOR YOUNG ALLIES AT CHRISTMAS—THE WAR SPIRIT IN THE TOY-SHOPS: A CUIRASSIER AND A LIGHT CAVALRYMAN.

AS MIGHT BE ANTICIPATED, NOT POLITE :

GERMAN LIBELS ON FAMOUS LEADERS.



This page of caricatures is from a German paper. The inscriptions, freely translated, are : " Generalissimo Joffre, the little bluffer " ; " Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia, the harmless rascal " ; " the Crown Prince of Montenegro, also a worthless lubber " ; " General Pau, secret purveyor of goods to his own army " ; " A Sioux Chieftain, Kitchener's new and fearful ally " ; " General French, who plays the part of 'hero' in the theatre of war " ;

" Rannadavestan, the Indian Fakir " ; " the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch, the root of all evil " ; " General Leman, the would-be leader of a herd it is impossible to lead " ; " Marshal Oyama, Chairman of the Committee of Japanese thieves " ; and " Rennenkampf, the Masurian Moor-hen." The German heading to the page is " This is What You Look Like ! Heads of Those who Lead the Enemy Forward and Backward."

AROUSEUR OF MUCH INTEREST: LECTURER ON THE WAR.



WELL KNOWN AS PUBLICIST, WRITER, AND MILITARY EXPERT: MR. HILAIRE BELLOC.

Mr. Belloc, whose lectures and articles (in "Land and Water") have aroused so much interest, became Head of the English Department, East London College, in 1911. He was born on July 27, 1870, son of Louis Swanton Belloc, a French barrister, and his wife (Bessie Rayner Parkes). In 1896, he married Elodie Agnes Hogan, of Napa, California, who died this year. He has three sons and two daughters. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, well known as a novelist, is his sister. He was educated at the Oratory School, Edgbaston, and at Balliol; was Brackenbury History Scholar,

and took First-Class Honours, History School, 1895. On leaving school, he served as a driver in the 8th Regiment of French Artillery at Toul, Meurthe-et-Moselle. He was M.P. (Liberal) for South Salford from 1906 until 1910. Amongst his best-known works are: "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," "Danton," "Robespierre," "The Path to Rome," "Mr. Burden," "The Old Road," "The Historic Thames," "Cautionary Tales," "The Pyrenees," "Verses," "The Girondins," "The Servile State," "The River of London," and "The Book of the Bayeux Tapestry."

Photograph by Beresford.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

LORD ROSEBERY still buys Cromwellian relics—the war hardly disturbs the current of a collector's acquisitiveness—and Mr. John Burns, despite his many committees, still haunts the second-hand bookshops in Charing Cross Road. The other day he went further: he and Mr. E. V. Lucas turned up at the funeral of Bertram Dobell, over whose counter Mr. Burns must have bought hundreds of rare and curious volumes. The gathering at the Golders Green Crematorium was almost entirely made up by the trade; the author and the ex-President of the Local Government Board were two notable exceptions.



TO MARRY MISS DOROTHY GURNEY:
SEC. LIEUT. IVAN FIRTH, R.F.A.

Sec. Lieut. Ivan Firth, of the Royal Field Artillery, who is marrying Miss Dorothy Gurney, is the youngest son of Dr. and Mrs. Firth, of Cromer House, Gravesend.

Photograph by F. Vandamm.

standing—and manners! When Queen Victoria, after searching for the right word, addressed Leo XIII. as "Eminent Sir," she was unconsciously saying something that sounded almost as funny in Rome as "the Hon. Mrs. Victoria" would have sounded in Windsor. To Sir Henry the usages of the Papal Court offer no difficulties. He is a seasoned diplomatist, and, moreover, a kinsman of the Duke of Norfolk.

Loud Enough! Sir Henry goes to Rome on something more than a mission of congratulation to the new Pontiff. We alluded at the beginning of the war to the knowledge among Englishmen in the Eternal City that, while Germany was taking infinite trouble in presenting her case at the Vatican, England was doing nothing at all. Cardinal Gasquet returned to London after the Conclave with an uncomfortable feeling that a thing that Germany thought worth doing was probably also worth the attention of the Allies. That Sir Henry Howard's mission is not merely congratulatory is obvious from the fact that he is to stay "for the duration of the war."

Sir Henry's Mission. The little awkwardnesses that have clung about the dealings of Great Britain with the Vatican seem likely to be smoothed away. The nomination of Sir Henry Howard as Envoy Extraordinary to the Pope opens out a new vista of good understanding—and manners!

The little awkwardnesses that have clung about the dealings of Great Britain with the Vatican seem likely to be smoothed away. The nomination of Sir Henry Howard as Envoy Extraordinary to the Pope opens out a new vista of good understanding—and manners!



THE MEMBER FOR BOMBARDED SCARBOROUGH:
MR. WALTER RUSSELL REA, WHOSE HOUSE
WAS HIT.

Mr. Walter Russell Rea, who has been Liberal M.P. for Scarborough since 1906, resides at 7, The Crescent, Scarborough, and his house was considerably damaged in the recent raid. Mr. Rea is the son of the Right Hon. Russell Rea, P.C., Member for South Shields since 1910.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

His record justifies his appointment: he has been British Minister to the Netherlands and Luxembourg, has served in France and Russia, and was one of the British delegates at two Peace Conferences at The Hague. His only doubt about taking on fresh work is due to his increasing deafness. Everybody is pleased to learn that he can still hear the call of duty.



WIFE OF A SOLDIER AT THE
FRONT: LADY BULLOUGH.

Lady Bullough, wife of Sir George Bullough, now at the front, was, before her marriage, Monica Lilly, daughter of the fourth Marquis de la Pasture, of the old nobility of France, and has a little daughter, Hermione, born in 1906.

Photograph by Bassano.

Christmas Quarters.

Lady Dudley meets with only one difficulty in her work as overseer of the hospitality offered to wounded officers. The houses are ready, and in many cases, Lady Dudley finds, officers with "encumbrances"

would be just as welcome as the unattached. The quarters are there, but the officers do not turn into them. The explanation lies in the fact that the men who, failing parents or wives, are not claimed by uncles or aunts or cousins are extremely rare. Relatives outnumber officers by at least ten to one, and every sort of inconvenience, from bath-beds to chipped soup-plates, are put up with for the sake of keeping a maimed hero in the family circle at Christmas time. After Christmas, perhaps, Lady Dudley's houses will fill up; for the moment

the hardships of home, like those of the trenches, are cheerfully endured.

Lord Dunsany's Going.

Lord Dunsany, who is often regarded as being a poet by birth and a Peer by some accident as fantastic as his own tales, is now an officer in the Inniskilling Dragoons. His Division, he hopes, goes to France early in the New Year, but Divisions and their departures are subjects on which everybody is a little hazy. "I can't tell you exactly when I go," he writes to a friend, "for two reasons. The first is that high official secrets must not be divulged; the second, that I don't know."

A Drawing-Room Medley.

Most drawing-rooms are invaded these days by strangers. Tea-time conferences, lectures, and entertainments bring regiments of women into touch and funds are swelled and hampers filled as the result. Constance Lady Wenlock's drawing-room in Portland

Place is no exception to the new rule of the open door; and the medley of refugees, Indians, Hyde Park orators, poets, and Members of Parliament (to mention no others) who gathered there the other day found many things to interest them. The Indians were especially impressed, for the walls are hung with Lady Wenlock's own paintings of the East—and good paintings too. Pictures, by the way, are holding their own. There was something very like a crowd at the opening of the Loan Collection, with its wonderful Rembrandt. But will Lord Glenconner's new shilling turnstile be in the least profitable?



TO MARRY SEC. LIEUT. IVAN FIRTH,
R.F.A.: MISS DOROTHY GURNEY.

Miss Dorothy Gurney, who is marrying Sec. Lieut. Ivan Firth, of the Royal Field Artillery, is the eldest daughter of Mr. Gurney, of Hobart, Tasmania, and grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mason, of Neville Court, Grove End Road, N.W.

Photograph by F. Vandamm.



WIFE OF A FRENCH DESPATCH-BEARER: MRS. CHARLES FINALAY.

Mrs. Finalay is the charming English wife of a French Attaché, M. Charles Finalay, who is at present doing excellent work at the front, acting as a despatch-bearer to the Third French Army Corps.

Photograph by Yevonde.

BELLONA AS DAME FASHION: THE MILITARY TOUCH.



THE WAR AS MAKER OF MODES: MIDINETTES WEARING MOST MILITANT HATS, IN PARIS.

In a recent issue of "The Sketch" we gave a page of German caricatures of what the enemy anticipated would be the effect of the war on Paris fashions for the womenfolk of the Allies. For once a German paper in the Great War-time is not

altogether wide of the mark—allowing for the pungency of politico-social satire. Our illustration shows a couple of midinettes eagerly scanning the latest *communiqués*, and wearing *chic* hats of a very military cut.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER.



DR. HECTOR MUNRO.

SHIP'S SURGEON, psychologist, founder and chief of the Motor Ambulance Volunteer Corps—such is one brief way, among many possible ways, of picturing the man and his work. Something of the seaman in the eye and gait and grip, and a good deal of the sea-faring habit of mind in the capacity for grasping what lies a little beyond the horizon, are left to him from his early experiences on board ship. After touching at most of the world's ports, he decided that an even greater variety awaited him in the consulting-room. He brought imagination to his work, with the result that London knows him for pioneer work in pathology and suggestion.

The Scientist's Pocket-Book.

Like all good students

of the remoter aspects of science, Dr. Munro is well grounded in the learning of the schools. Aberdeen *plus* Vienna (and he had some years of each of them) primed him with exact knowledge; but Aberdeen *plus* Vienna could not kill the poet in him. When he last left for Flanders he had a new box of surgical instruments in one pocket and Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" in the other; and when I caught a glimpse of him a few weeks ago in Seymour Street—he had hurried back from the front to arrange for new motors and more men—the things on the packing-case that ousted his study table were a sheaf of telegrams, a much-used Red Cross badge, and a volume of early German mysticism.

Glorious Indifference.

Since Sept. 1 he has been constantly at work. A flying visit to England during a lull at the front can hardly be described as restful. It meant long hours at the Corps' headquarters in Chancery Lane, a leap into the dentist's chair, a sweeping-in of provisions, and—back again. He may well be proud that the only evil consequence of three months' campaigning was a tooth-ache. Shells burst themselves in vain in his neighbourhood; he is not susceptible to the "frightfulness" that has in a number of cases broken the nerve of his fellows. Dr. Munro and his right-hand man, Lady Dorothea Feilding, have set an example of glorious indifference. They have made a point of going where they are most wanted, and that is often in places to which no professional chauffeur will drive them.

The Chauffeurs.

The taxi-cab driver from Antwerp is a brave and useful man, but he does not go through the mental processes which are necessary before any human being will daily frequent the firing-line. It is against nature for a practical man to ply for hire in the danger-zone, and Dr. Munro, after

some experience of the professional, finds that volunteer chauffeurs are the only ones who do not come to a standstill at the wrong moment. His luck, by the way, has been extraordinary; only one of his drivers (till within a few weeks back) had been wounded.

No "Empties."

Dr. Munro's thirty cars (the number increases and will increase with each month of the war) began by doing the work of sixty. That is to say, he did away with "empties." When he had to go from the base to the firing-line to bring in wounded he went with full cars of comforts for

the men. As often as not when he got a call to pick up a number of wounded it meant that some episode in the battle was at an end, and that he would find, besides the wounded, groups of men exhausted after arduous days of fighting. His motors, at such times, disgorge cans of hot soup and dry clothes. The bundles of provisions being thrown out, the bundles of distressed humanity are lifted in.

The Munro Doctrine.

The corps has been attached to the Belgian Staff: in other words, it has seen the heaviest possible fighting. Some days it has been able to cope with every case that offered; on others the only thing to do was to pick and choose the worst. That has been Dr. Munro's invariable rule. From the point of view of military expediency, the succouring of men likely on recovery to be of further use in the war would seem to be advisable. But the call that reaches the doctor is the call of the man stricken almost to the point of death, or so badly wounded that his only chance is immediate attention. Nothing shakes that merciful rule, and I have heard an anecdote in illustration.

The German in the Case.

The ground was strewn with wounded; at Dr. Munro's orders the bearers lifted six men into the first car that arrived.

One of them and perhaps the worst, wore a slate-grey uniform. "You must take that man down," said a high French officer; "there's no room for a German while so many of my own men need attention." "He is there by my orders," answered the Scot, "and he will stay there unless you can show me a man worse hurt." It was the only occasion on which Dr. Munro found himself up against the authorities, but his rule was at stake. And his rule held good. It will hold good, along with the many more that make for the efficiency of the corps, until he is no longer needed at the front. Then he will return to Seymour Street, to his sailing in Scottish lochs, to his farming in the Highlands, with the sense of having done a life's work in the course of a few months.



HEAD OF THE MUNRO FLYING AMBULANCE: DR. HECTOR MUNRO (X).

The Munro Flying Ambulance, which takes its name from its leader, Dr. Hector Munro, has been doing excellent work at the front in bringing wounded men back from the firing-line. A vivid account of its operations under shell-fire at Dixmude was given by Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett in the "Telegraph" recently, when the ambulance was working in connection with the English base hospital of the Belgian Red Cross at Furnes.

THE BARBARIC BALLET-SKIRT; AND A PLACE OF EXILE?



PROOF THAT THE MODERN BALLET-SKIRT IS A RELIC OF BARBARISM! KAFFIRS AT A COMING-OF-AGE DANCE (OR COMING-OUT DANCE?) IN ZULULAND.

Photograph by Walker.

SUGGESTED, BY A "SKETCH" READER, AS A SUITABLE PLACE OF EXILE FOR THE KAISER! A MALTESE CHAPEL DECORATED WITH SKULLS AND SKELETONS.

The first of the two photographs on this page shows Kaffirs at a coming-of-age dance. The resemblance between their straw dresses and the tu-tu, or short skirt of the traditional *première danseuse*, is obvious. For the ceremony, the dancers whitewash

their bodies. — The second photograph illustrates a "Sketch" reader's idea of a suitable place of exile for the Kaiser—a little chapel, in Malta, which is decorated with the bones of over 2000 Christians killed when the Cross was fighting the Crescent.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

ORDERED ABROAD.

By MAJOR F. A. SYMONS.

HIS MAJESTY'S transport *Sphinx*, outward bound, had left the Needles thirty miles astern and was bracing her mammoth white hull to meet half a gale in the Channel.

The Orderly-Room Sergeant knocked on the door of the Adjutant's cabin, dodged a shower of spindrift, and, slipping dexterously inside, swayed about on what he called his sea-legs like an expiring top.

"Beg pardin, Sir, but there's a lady wants to see you, Sir," he announced. "Shall I bring her here, Sir?"

Captain Spicer, seated at his office table, his legs braced against a bulkhead, removed his forage-cap, wiped his perspiring brow, and pushed aside a bundle of official documents petulantly. He had already passed through many hours of strenuous work, and felt far from eager to interview ladies in distress. In fact, at the moment, his sole idea was to convince himself and other people that he was not sea-sick.

"Where is she?" he grunted, as the ship gave a specially vicious lurch to port.

"Left her in the music-room, Sir. Something wrong about her cabin. She ain't sea-sick, Sir."

"But, look here, I am not the purser," groaned the Adjutant, struggling to his feet. "H'm—I suppose I had better see her, though. Come along, Sergeant."

The N.C.O. leading, they made their way along the leeward side of the deck at a half-run. The weather was growing worse every moment. The troop-decks were strangely silent. Here and there a soul superior to sea-sickness and home-sickness gurgled a music-hall ditty; but, except for white-faced sentries, the men for the most part seemed to prefer a recumbent position.

Captain Spicer, shuddering at the thought of what the condition of the quarters of the women and children must be like, thanked the fates that his summons had merely proceeded from a lady well enough to await him in the music-room.

"There she is, Sir," said the Sergeant, pointing through the door at the figure of a girl comfortably ensconced amongst a heap of cushions.

"Ah! Thank you, Sergeant. You can wait in the passage," he grunted, staggering across towards the solitary figure who alone occupied the cabin.

"Oh, are you the ship's Adjutant?" she asked, raising pathetic blue eyes from a book.

"Yes. My Sergeant says you want to see me," he replied, noting the delicacy of the fresh young face upturned to his.

"Yes, please," said she softly. "I am so sorry to trouble you, just as you must have had such heaps of work, too, but the fact is—er—I have no cabin."

"What! But have you seen the head steward—the purser? I know that the cabins were all most carefully allotted at Southampton."

A bugler outside sounded an ear-splitting blast, and the rattle of crockery-ware in the saloon announced the near approach of dinner. Captain Spicer smiled weakly. Dinner possessed no charms strong enough to lure him from duty.

"So I heard. But I did not get one," sighed she, hugging a cushion.

"Strange! Some mistake, of course. What is your name, please? You are not alone, are you?"

"Yes, I am quite alone. You see, I am going out to India to—er—my husband," she answered quietly. "My name is Stuart."

"Oh, I see," he cried, meditatively turning on his heel. "I must look up the list of ladies' passages, and see the purser."

"But—er"—raising thick lashes, her eyes suddenly filled with tears—"I am afraid my name is not on your list," she explained. "You see, I came on board feeling sure that you could put me somewhere. I don't take up much room, and, of course, I can pay for my food."

"Good heavens—a stowaway!" he gasped, rubbing his chin vaguely.

For some minutes nothing but the whistling of the wind past the portholes and the creaking of the ship as she plunged into a head sea disturbed the silence of the music-room. Captain Spicer, seating himself mechanically, stared at the dainty figure beside him in perplexity. Her motor-veil had fallen from her head, and, with her heightened colour, limpid blue eyes, and mass of light-brown hair, she presented a picture of alluring irresponsibility which caused him at last to break into soft laughter.

"By Jove, you have plenty of pluck!" he remarked, with admiration in his eyes. "What is your husband's regiment?"

"The Scarlet Fusiliers," she replied, wiping her eyes with a filmy handkerchief. "You see, he is only a subaltern, and—poor boy!—he was ordered abroad. He could not get a passage for a wife, and a passage by P. and O. was so dreadfully expensive, so he had to leave me—and then I—er—came on this transport."

"H'm! Don't cry any more," he whispered soothingly. "We'll arrange somehow. I think your husband and I were at Sandhurst together. The regiment is at Delhi, isn't it?"

"Oh, I am so glad! You will then make it quite all right with the Captain, won't you?" she cried.

"The Captain is un-get-at-able at present, I fear, and the Officer Commanding the Troops is too sea-sick for words," he laughed cheerily. "But I will get hold of the purser. You stay here for a bit, and leave it to me."

In the excitement of the affair Captain Spicer had completely forgotten his sea-sickness. Dismissing his Sergeant, he passed through the saloon and made his way up the gangway to the purser's cabin.

The latter, a genial, red-faced individual, listened to the tale with considerable amusement. It was not the first time that such a contretemps had happened. Young women, with love and poverty to goad them on, had interviewed him more than once.

"Try the medical officer," he advised. "The P.M.O. has a spare cabin at his disposal for emergency cases. There is also the women's hospital. Every other berth on the ship is filled."

Accepting an ante-prandial cock-tail, which the purser's steward had just brought, the Adjutant staggered forth once more on his journey.

He found the P.M.O. playing bridge in the smoking-room. The latter's expression as he listened to the whispered narrative passed through gravity to humorous acquiescence. He was a married man himself, and had not served twenty years in many climes without learning that every regulation has its breaking-point.

"Put her in the spare cabin, and we'll talk to the skipper and O. C. Troops when the weather calms," he said, lighting a cigar.

So far, Captain Spicer's task had proved to be remarkably easy. Whether it was pure elation due to the exercise of Christian charity, or the effects of supplicating blue eyes, matters not, but certain it is that he seemed particularly pleased with himself as he hastened back to the lady, offered her the support of his trusty arm, helped her to collect her luggage from the lower gangway, and reserved a seat for her at dinner next to his own.

It was two days later before the *Sphinx* decided to settle down on an even keel. The coast of Spain lay close on the port side, the sun shone from a cloudless sky, and the warm zephyrs of a southern clime drew every occupant of a berth to the deck.

For the first time since leaving Southampton the Officer Commanding Troops entered the Orderly Room. Ten minutes later he was seen in close conclave with the skipper. Half-an-hour later an exciting whisper, emanating from the wife of the C.O., passed like wild-fire through the occupants of deck-chairs on the promenade deck.

"The stowaway," sublimely oblivious of the fact that she was being the subject of heated criticism, was comfortably seated in the Adjutant's deck-chair, engaged in what appeared to be particularly interesting converse with a subaltern of the regiment on board.

[Continued overleaf.]

WAITING AND WANTING.



THE WAIT: I've called—er—Sir, on be'alf of the waits, if you please, Sir.

THE HOUSEHOLDER: Yes, yes, I half expected you—go on.

THE WAIT: We thought as 'ow, Sir, you would wish to give a small donation, per'aps—

THE HOUSEHOLDER: Good Heavens, man! I thought you'd come to apologise.



THE NERVOUS GUEST (asked to sit next to his hostess and opposite the goose): Am I to sit so close to the goose?—
(suddenly feeling this may be misunderstood)—er—I mean the roast one.

DRAWINGS BY BERTRAM FRANCE.

Dressed in light-blue serge, with blue stockings and exceedingly neat shoes, and having discarded her hat, she was decidedly the most attractive woman in the ship. The regimental band was playing a popular waltz. The subaltern at her side, a tall, dark, clean-bred young man, with a smiling, happy face, appeared to be gazing into her eyes in rapt absorption.

"Brazen minx!" muttered Mrs. Benson, the C.O.'s wife. "If I commanded this ship, I would put her in the steerage."

"Quite so!" agreed her listener. "She seems to have captured Mr. Charlton already. What fools men are!"

The skipper and the Colonel, still shaking their heads, sauntered down the length of the deck and halted beside the little lady in blue.

"Well, Mrs. Stuart," said the former, "this is a nice tale that I hear! May I ask—"

With a rapid glance of interrogation, the girl raised her eyes to the weather-beaten countenance of the skipper, then dropped them as quickly in her lap. Her knowledge of physiognomy was by no means her weakest asset, and she knew it.

"You see," she interrupted, "how could I bother you when you were so hard-worked on the bridge? How dreadfully tired you must be after two such days of it! Do sit down, won't you? Everybody has been so kind to me that I really don't think I have anything left to say to you."

The skipper, his clean-shaven mouth twitching with ill-concealed mirth, sat down as requested. The attentive Lieutenant Charlton had conveniently melted into space.

"But don't you realise, my dear young lady, that you have committed a grievous offence against the law of the seas?" asked the skipper. "What are Colonel Benson and I to say to the authorities?"

The girl's white hand, with charming impulsiveness, fell softly upon the skipper's horny brown one.

"Please say nothing," she pleaded. "I am here now, and I cannot get off, so cannot we all go on happily like we are, please? How nice it is listening to the band after the bad weather we have been having, isn't it?"

"Humph! Did your husband put you up to this?" intervened the Colonel.

"Good gracious, no!" she declared earnestly. "The poor boy said good-bye to me, not knowing what to do—so I decided that it depended upon me to do something myself. I hope it wasn't dreadfully wrong of me?" Looking up at the Colonel's face, she sighed profoundly. "Don't you think, Colonel, that your wife would have done the same?"

Colonel Benson, whose knowledge of his wife's character had bred unwholesome fear, was a truthful man.

"Ah!—perhaps she would," he muttered, with an involuntary glance over his shoulder at the portly person eyeing him from afar.

The skipper, although he had spoken to the lady in question only twice, suppressed a chuckle with indifferent success.

"I quite see," said the latter, "that this question will require some little time for consideration. I will think it over. By the way, I am giving a little tea-party in my cabin this afternoon. If you will honour me with your company, Mrs. Stuart, perhaps I shall by then be able to tell you what is to be your fate." He laughed lightly. "Hanging at the yard-arm has gone out of fashion—so has walking the plank. It is rather a difficult conundrum. I should keep friendly with the P.M.O. for the present, if I were you."

"Thank you," she replied demurely. "I should like to go to your tea-party very much."

That the little grass-widow did not fail to keep her appointment for tea was evidenced by the subsequent conversation floating about the saloon at dinner. In fact, Mrs. Benson's openly expressed opinion that the Skipper was as big a fool as any junior subaltern, and that Mrs. Stuart was a shameless coquette, caused quite a flutter amongst the bachelors. The result was not difficult to prophesy.

As the days slipped rapidly by, and the ship passed Malta and entered the canal, the "stowaway" was seldom given a minute to herself. Charlton seemed to be the favourite, but Captain Spicer, filled with consciousness of having been the first to incur her goodwill, appeared to be running a very good second. The latter had at first scored at meals, but, by subtle manœuvring, Charlton managed to obtain the seat at table on her other side. The skipper had openly taken her under his wing—frequently invited her to pour out tea at his little afternoon parties, and offered her the use of his cool cabin when he himself was on the bridge in the heat of the Red Sea.

Mrs. Benson's highly flavoured innuendoes floated past the little lady apparently unheard. The many attentions she received were accepted with a naïveté as charming as it was genuine. Whatever the women might say, the men had quickly learned that there was never the least chance of a real flirtation. She treated each and every one of them with an open friendliness which completely disarmed masculine criticism. She never talked of other women on board, and never took advantage of her popularity to return evil for evil.

It was the fancy-dress dance in the Indian Ocean which brought things to a climax.

The night was perfect. The sky was absolutely cloudless, the sea was as calm as a duck-pond, and the band was in its happiest mood.

For some days Mrs. Benson had been singularly quiet concerning the affairs of the little grass-widow. That still waters run deep, however, was never more aptly illustrated. Had the "stowaway," indeed, not been so intensely interested in her own affairs, she could not have failed to notice that her actions were being watched in detail by lynx-like eyes which never seemed to sleep.

Lieutenant Charlton's attentions had been growing decidedly more marked day by day. If—Mrs. Benson argued to herself—the seductive opportunities afforded by a dance failed to produce a slip of some kind or another, it would be truly remarkable. And, should her prognostications prove true, the lady had every intention of being there to see. To state that the wife of the C.O. deliberately converted herself into a prying detective would be a bold declaration. Nevertheless, that her eyes followed every movement of the dainty figure in which she was interested is an undeniable fact.

It was after the fourth "two-step." The band were refreshing themselves with long drinks, and the deck was comparatively empty. Mrs. Benson, panting with heat and excitement, seized the Senior Major's wife convulsively by the arm and dragged her towards the shadow of a deck-house.

"Look!" breathed she.

"Oh!" gasped the Major's wife. "Perfectly disgraceful!"

It was true that even Mrs. Stuart's most faithful adherents could have said little in her defence had they seen her at that moment. There was only one deck-chair behind the deck-house, and in it sat Mr. Charlton, with the charming grass-widow in his arms. Her face was raised to his, and their lips met, even as the horrified ladies watched.

"Come away!" hissed the Colonel's wife. "To live on the same ship with such an odious adventuress is pollution. Thank goodness one has some authority over a deluded subaltern at least! My husband shall put a stop to this, or I shall know the reason why."

The Orderly Room next morning presented an aspect of increased atmospheric tension. Captain Spicer's temper was shocking. If the C.O.'s punishments meted out to the morning's batch of regimental culprits expressed any criterion as to his frame of mind, his temper must have been worse than even that of his Adjutant.

The last official routine work finished, the C.O. coughed, screwed his monocle in its place, and turned to the Adjutant.

"Send for Charlton!" he growled.

Spicer, his jaw set sternly, summoned the Sergeant and conveyed the Colonel's wishes in as few words as possible.

Within a few minutes Lieutenant Charlton, with the unrepentant "stowaway" actually on his arm, entered the cabin.

The Colonel suddenly dropped his monocle, and stared in impotent speechlessness.

"Not Mrs. Stuart!" snapped the Adjutant. "The Commanding Officer wishes to see you alone, Charlton."

"I am so sorry," intervened the lady sweetly. "It is all my fault."

Charlton, his face flushed, stepped forward.

"It would appear, Sir—" he began.

"Please let me explain, dear," interrupted the girl. "It has nothing to do with you really." Turning beseeching eyes upon the Colonel's heated countenance, she again thrust her hand through the subaltern's arm. "You see, Colonel Benson, I did not intend to say anything until we reached Bombay. Then George will get a special license, and we shall be married at once at the cathedral."

"Married—to Mr. Charlton?" stammered the Colonel.

"Yes," she explained, blushing deliciously. "Mr. Charlton and I have been engaged for a year. We wanted to be married before he left, but he couldn't get a passage for me. He couldn't afford to pay for me on a passenger ship, and father couldn't either. I knew George would not agree to letting me come as I did, so I said nothing about it. He didn't know I was on board until we had got through the Bay of Biscay. Then I swore him to secrecy."

The Adjutant, scrutinising his Chief's face, saw nothing but a graven image.

"But you certainly told me that you were married to Stuart, of the Scarlet Fusiliers," stated Spicer gloomily.

"Yes," admitted the girl, with downcast eyes. "I am sorry. But, you see, I had to explain myself somehow. The Stuart you know in the Fusiliers is my brother."

For some moments the silence was oppressive. The Colonel resumed his eye-glass, fumbled with his papers, and grunted.

"Can we explain anything else, Sir?" inquired Charlton.

"No—er—I think not—at present," mumbled the Colonel. "You may go."

At the doorway, however, the bulky person of the Skipper blocked further progress.

"Hullo, what's wrong?" cried the latter boisterously, looking from one face to another.

"Nothing wrong," answered the "stowaway" softly. "We only came to ask Colonel Benson to our wedding at Bombay. And we would like you to come too, Captain. You will, won't you?"

THE END.

THE NEW YEAR OMEN.



A DARK MAN BRINGS LUCK!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The End of the Great Year.

No one alive now has ever lived through such a great year as this of 1914 has been to the whole world. I say, advisedly, "great." The French always speak of 1870-71 as *l'année terrible*; but, terrible though 1914 has been for them, they will not call it so in history, but rather the heroic year, the year of prowess by land and sea and air, the year of the great awakening. For are they not already invading German soil, pushing well into Alsace, and dropping bombs on Freiburg? To many of us the determined resistance, the ultimate victory of France has long been a foregone conclusion. It was impossible to go to their country, to read their literature, and to study their mental attitude without seeing that when Germany struck they meant to "make good." The Germans—who are not allowed to play at politics—made the grave mistake of thinking that the whole of France was corrupt and decadent because of ugly scandals in Paris and high places. They made the same mistake with us, though here they reckoned on civil war in Ireland preventing our joining in with the Triple Entente. In short, the Germans show as curious an inability to understand the psychology of other nations as they lack the higher diplomacy. They wished to believe that the young Englishman was "soft" and disinclined to fight, that the British Navy was vulnerable, and that India, Egypt, and South Africa would successfully revolt, and they acted on this assumption. Reading the history of other peoples and drawing analogies does not seem to enter into their Kultur, with the result that the great year of 1914 may be the most terrible one of all for the German race.

The Humours of Hostels.

No one can say that the British do not do things thoroughly once they set about it. How many once gay and trifling creatures, addicted chiefly to the race-course and the dance, are running about borrowing each other's furniture for homes for refugees or hostels for ladies out of work? Only to-day I was offered, for the solace of our Belgian guests, an ancient—but not antique—folding table, a *prie-dieu* chair worked in Berlin wool, and a bust of Tennyson in Parian marble.

The exiles were supposed to be comforted and heartened by these articles of furniture and ornament, and it is possible—though doubtful—that they may. Personally, I have never seen a Belgian *intérieur*, but I am told that our unfortunate guests are addicted to good living and exceedingly comfortable houses. Their cellars are stocked with the best burgundies and clarets, their forms are plump, and their taste in dress—at any rate in Brussels—is quite as good as the French. A strange irony has thrown these unknown neighbours of ours so intimately into our daily lives and into our own homes. Before the war, how many of us knew any Belgians, except such business folk who went to Antwerp and to Brussels on affairs? We shall know them well enough, and appreciate their kindly natures, before the war is over.

Meanwhile, let us hasten out and borrow someone's wash-stand for yet another hostel.

"Sleeping Safe in Your Beds."

The precise number of times we have been told during the last few years that, owing to the naval precautions for the defence of these islands, we "could sleep safe in our beds" one can hardly count, and there is a certain irony in the Germans having chosen precisely the hour when most English folk are still sleepy of a winter's morning to send shells into their bedrooms, besides achieving quite a holocaust of small children going to school. It would appeal to their peculiar sense of humour, this slaughter of widows and babies, of the lodging-house keepers and faded spinsters of a modish seaside town. Toddlers in socks must, at all costs, be reminded of Ger-

man methods of "frightfulness," or Prussian prestige would suffer in its own esteem—it has already lost that of the civilised world. The East Coast has been prepared for a raid—that is, a landing of troops—for some time past, but no one seems to have foreseen that German battle-ships would steam up into Scarborough Bay and Whitby

and demolish the seaside "apartments" and their humble owners, and the dingy dwellings of the working-classes. At present, no orders have been given to the East Anglians and the Yorkshire folk as to what to do in such a dire emergency. They might reasonably have been instructed to go down into their basements at the first shot, instead of running about the streets and getting killed—or, worse still, maimed and mutilated. Fearful and wonderful are the ways of those set in authority over us, but a little common-sense and reasonable precaution seem curiously wanting.

The Nation Goes to War.

We have had wars, and enough, in which England has had to take the offensive, but they have all happened over-seas, far away in some dim, hazy land which none of us have ever seen, and in which the proud doings of our men have somehow had the unreal activity of regiments of gallant tin soldiers. To-day, for the first time in our history, the whole nation has gone to war, and not only those who are shooting and firing off big guns, but those who are saving and aiding. There

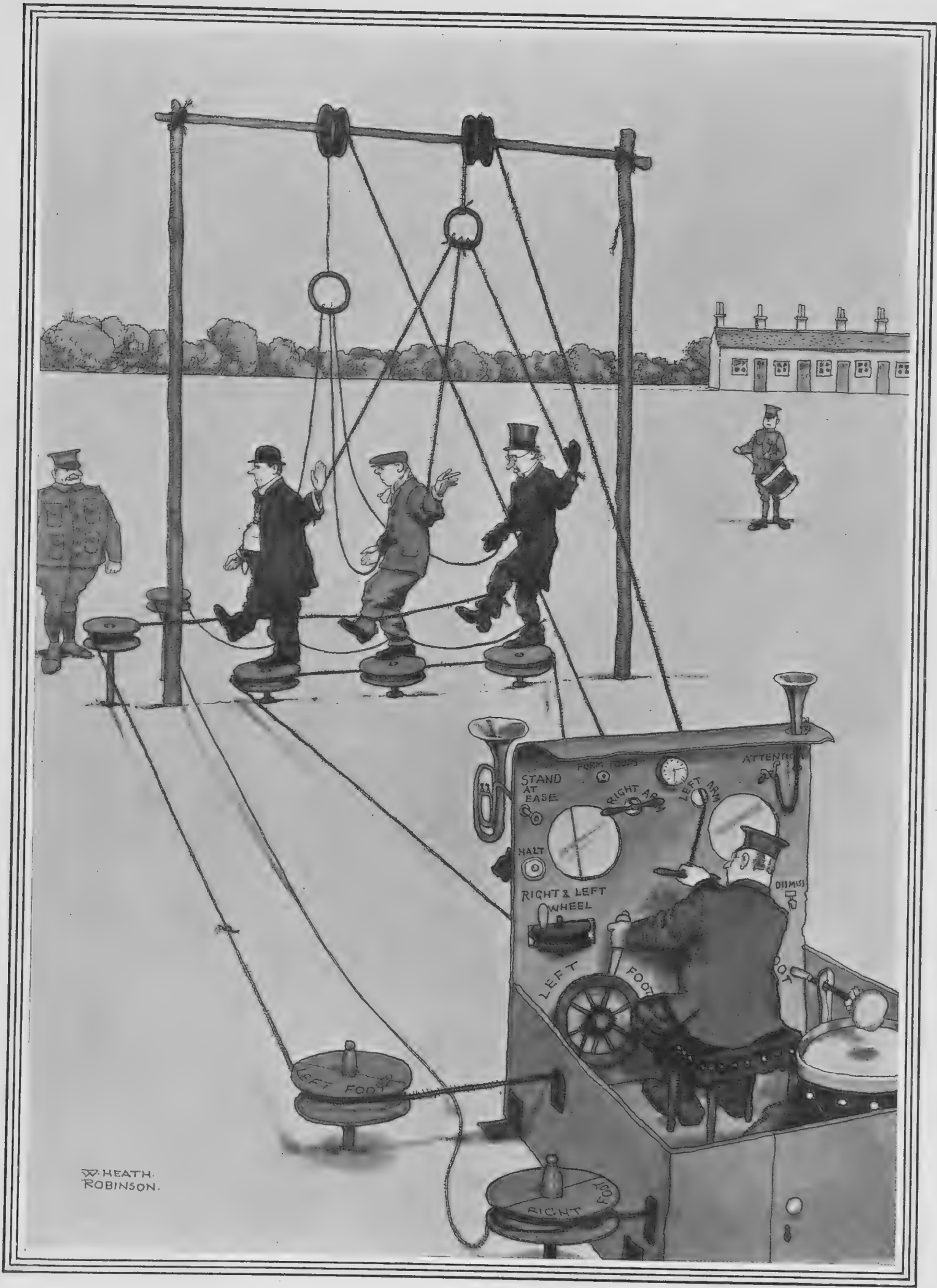
are no divisions now; few are idle; the national energy—so often distracted by futile objects as well as by games and sports—is all being turned, in an irresistible stream, on to the war, and all the distress, sorrow, and suffering which it inevitably entails. The number of those working with their own motor-ambulances at the front is quite formidable; and big organisations like Dr. Hector Munro's Red Cross Motor Ambulance Volunteer Corps, which is attached to the Belgian Red Cross and working in Flanders, have done admirable work under fire. Dr. Munro, who has many Englishwomen working with him, possesses now thirteen cars. On some of the days of battle he has been able to bring in over 130 wounded to the base at Furnes. It is a gallant achievement, worthy of the best Scottish traditions, and it is part of the whole effort of a nation at war.



A GROUP OF DAINY PARTY-FROCKS FOR CHILDREN.

The frock on the left is composed of cream net and tiny pink roses over a lace slip swathed round the waist with pink satin. The one in the centre is of white satin with a chiffon ruffle at the throat and a little vest of Chinese-blue embroidery. The seated figure shows a charming little dress of hyacinth-blue charmeuse and pleated chiffon with touches of gold embroidery.

Kultur.



THE DRILLING - MACHINE FOR MILITARY BEGINNERS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Peace and Plenty in War Time.

Had we been told in the first weeks of August that we should be celebrating Christmas much as usual, that all accustomed luxuries were attainable, even if we chose to forego a few to offer more to others, we should have thought it much too good to be true. However, so it was at the festive board: there was nothing that we missed. A kindly conspiracy was general, by reason of which everyone assumed good spirits if they had them not, and so the young people passed the great day cheerfully. Many house-parties were assembled, and shooting and hunting have been enjoyed, albeit some strange mounts have seen service for the latter sport, as horses are employed in the grim work of war. Anyone about the chief shopping centres the few days before Christmas could never have dreamed that we were taking a principal part in a stupendous war. It is the British way to go steadily on, and do thoroughly the thing nearest.



WIFE OF THE NEW INSPECTOR OF THE TERRITORIAL FORCES: LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW.

Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, the beautiful elder daughter of the third Marquess of Ormonde, whose portrait we give, married, in 1901, that distinguished soldier, Lieut.-General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, K.C.B., C.V.O., M.P., formerly Commanding 2nd Batt. Coldstream Guards, who has done splendid service in India and South Africa, and has now been appointed Inspector of the Territorial Forces. Lady Pole-Carew has two sons and two daughters.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Princess Arthur of Connaught; that was, however, a very different thing: The first wedding which she attended with only a Lady-in-Waiting was that of the Hon. Geoffrey Hope Morley and the Hon. Mary Gardner in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey. The young Princess looked extremely interested, and signed the register in right royal style. It will be quite a good thing for our Princess to go about a little by herself, for she is still very shy, and this year she will take her place in the royal circle as a grown-up Princess. We will hope that it will be a year not wholly overshadowed by war, for we should all like our young Princess to have a very good time. The Hon. Mrs. Hope Morley has been for some time a personal friend of Princess Mary; she is a very pretty and a very fascinating girl.

Not Nice.

It was not nice of Prince Henry of Prussia's brother-officers—perhaps he was there himself—to endanger the Countess of Londesborough's life and that of the wounded enjoying her hospitality at Londesborough Lodge, Scarborough. Perhaps the Kaiser will like some bombs dropped on Lowther Castle, Wynyard Park, or other of the places belonging to those who have hospitably entertained him. Prince Henry was Lord; and Lady Londesborough's guest at Scarborough, and repaid generous hospitality by bombardment. Well, it is the German way, and, as we do not like it, we must withhold the hospitality.

The Sunny South.

The Riviera season will not be so smart as usual, but there will be a Riviera season. The quietness and confidence of our people are quite wonderful. A woman who intends going to Nice as usual says her great attraction there is that for once, after several seasons, there will be no Germans. I do not fancy there will: they are very optimistic in print, but, from very excellent authority, I heard just before Christmas that they began to realise that most of their victories were imaginary; that money was scarce; and that costly pleasures were not for them.

The New Year.

Christmas past, and presents in pocket—when they have taken, as they often do, the convenient form of cash—it is good to reflect that sales are on, offering excellent chances of pleasant investments. The Regent Street house of Peter Robinson commenced theirs this week. It is in every respect a great winter sale, during which exceptional bargains will be obtainable in every department. Much less than usual has been spent on dress this autumn and winter because of the war; consequently, choice and costly models are left in this celebrated house, and are marked down to considerably less than the season's prices. A musquash coat in the very latest style costs only 11 guineas; coney seal coats from £4 19s. 6d., and remarkably cosy and stylish cheviot travelling coats at 29s. 6d. to 79s. 6d. and 5 guineas. Sets of black fox furs, the stole 2½ yards long, and the muff made of two skins, at 3½ guineas, are bargains; and there are many others in various fur sets, equally cheap. Coats and skirts, tailor-made, for 45s. are quite extraordinary value; and Russian-shaped coats in navy or black coating serge, with military braid, at 65s. should find ready purchasers. Hats are also remarkably cheap, and in every department of this well-known house there are smart and good things to be had at small cost. A catalogue will be sent upon application.

For One Week Only. Harrod's winter sale, lasting for one week, begins next week, on January 11th. Only the thoroughly reliable



TO MARRY MISS ANNE MARY CHALONER VANNECK: MR. PERCY RYGATE BORRETT.

Mr. Percy Rygate Borrett, whose engagement to Miss A. M. Chaloner Vanneck is announced, is the only son of the late Mr. Thomas Percy Borrett and Mrs. Borrett, of Cransford Hall, Saxmundham, Suffolk.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MR. PERCY RYGATE BORRETT: MISS ANNE MARY CHALONER VANNECK.

Miss A. M. Chaloner Vanneck, whose engagement to Mr. Percy Rygate Borrett is announced, is the younger daughter of the late Hon. William Ardeckne Vanneck, second son of the third Baron Huntingfield, and the Hon. Mrs. Vanneck, of The Cupola, Leiston, Suffolk. Miss A. M. C. Vanneck was born in 1893.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

regular stocks of this great firm are offered, and these at sensible reductions in every department. The opportunity is, therefore, one when a saving can be effected for the whole of the coming year, as such low prices may not again be possible. If a personal visit is not feasible, a sale catalogue should be written for, as it will give an excellent insight into most desirable economies.

A Great Event

is the sale in progress at the well-known establishment of Peter Robinson, Oxford Street. It will continue until the close of the month, and in every section of the house bargains of unprecedented character will be offered. A practical tailor-made costume in wool velour, available in six colourings, the usual price of which is 5 guineas, is being sold for 65s.; other smart tailor-made costumes readily sold from 63s. to 5½ guineas are reduced to 39s. 6d. In evening dresses exceptional value is obtainable from £2, at which price are a number of dainty gowns, also a number at £4, and many at £6—these belong to the stock of a prominent manufacturer purchased on most favourable terms by Messrs. Peter Robinson. Particularly tempting are the blouses, the prices for good cream delaine shirts beginning so moderately as 5s. 9d. For young people going back to school there are plenty of bargains. The best way to gain a knowledge of the best of these is to send for a sale catalogue, which is filled with illustrated information and truly remarkable prices.

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The War has sent up the cost of materials used in producing "Bectives." The cost will rise higher, but the price of "Bective" will not be advanced before 1915.



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Coney Fur Coat.



New belted Coat in Seal Coney, beautiful soft skins, a full loose garment 45 inches long.

Sale Price $7\frac{1}{2}$ gns.

Blanket Coat.



New Cossack Coat in beautiful soft blanket cloth in navy, mole, purple and black; also in navy nap cloth. Usual Price 42/-

Sale Price .. 30/-

The "Cossack."



The Coat of the moment, made in Lister's pony mohair, trimmed full black fur or made without fur trimming; lined silk.

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Fur Set.



Useful Stole in Black Wolf, with heads at back.

Sale Price 3 gns.

Large Muff to match Sale Price 3 gns.

Dress Skirt.



Smart Skirt of good quality black Satin Mousseline Two sizes: W. & O. S.

Sale Price .. 21/-

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Shadow lace Blouse, hem-stitched, trimmed with black ribbon and buttons, and lined net.

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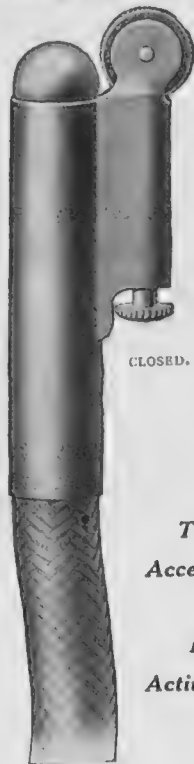
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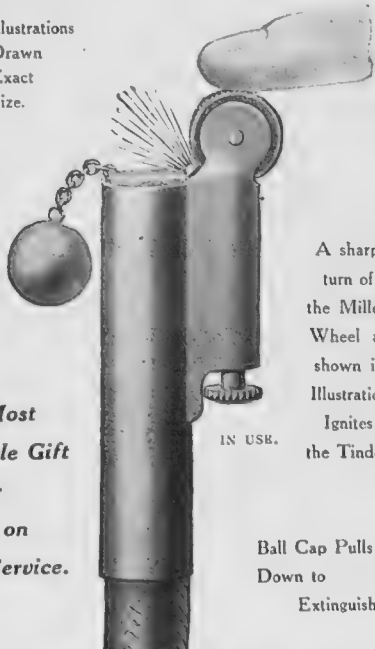
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE AREA: A FARTHING A MILE: A PRINCELY GIFT.

A Useful Reminder.

The Metropolitan Police are no longer contenting themselves with the stopping of motor-cars of which they consider the lights too powerful, and merely enforcing a reduction of the illumination, but are taking the names and addresses of the drivers with a view to ultimate proceedings. The people who get caught, of course, are those who have driven townwards from the country, and have been too much occupied with the difficulties of driving in the wild weather which has lately been experienced to take note of the exact spot at which they cross the metropolitan border. The following summary, therefore, which has been issued by the Automobile Association, will be welcomed accordingly; it indicates the approximate points on the chief main roads in and out of London at which the Metropolitan Police area begins or ends—

Gt. North Road ..	Potter's Bar.
Aylesbury Road ..	Bushey Heath.
Bath Road	Colnbrook.
Portsmouth Road ..	Esher.
Brighton Road ..	Kingswood.
(via Reigate) ..	
Brighton Road ..	Midway between
(via Redhill) ..	Chipstead and
	Coulsdon.
Eastbourne Road ..	Worthing.
Folkestone Road ..	Swanley.
Colchester Road ..	Chadwell Heath.
Coventry Road ..	London Colney.
Oxford Road	Uxbridge.
Southampton Road..	Staines.
Worthing Road ..	Epsom Common.
Hastings Road.. ..	Green Street Green.
Dover Road	Dartford.

I may add that the police at Kingston have been specially prominent in respect of summonses under the headlamps order.

Obsolete Methods.

There is generally something objectionable to be recorded in connection with Kingston. A correspondent of the *Autocar* describes his discovery on Kingston Hill of broken flint which had been thrown over the tarred surface, presumably with a view to keep horses from slipping. From the visible proof afforded by a photograph, these flints are nearly as large as a half-penny, and have, moreover, sharp points and cutting edges which spell ruination to pneumatic tyres. The question naturally arises, why should horses be considered in preference to pneumatic tyres, seeing that motor-cars and cycles outnumber the former to an absolutely overwhelming degree? It would be feasible to distribute material which should serve the purpose, where horses are concerned, without being of a nature likely to cause hundreds of pounds' worth of damage to rubber-shod vehicles within a week.

Running Costs of a Light Car.

That no one need be afraid of acquiring a small car nowadays, so far as the cost of upkeep is concerned, is strikingly shown by the experiences of a private owner who has sent full particulars of a year's running to the *Light Car*. His car was a 9.5-h.p. Standard, and this, it may be said at once, is no mere "cycle-car," but a speedy and perfectly capable vehicle; moreover, it was not even used as a two-seater, but carried three persons throughout. The total mileage attained was 5740. Here are the figures in question: Registration fee, £1; tax and driving license, £3 8s.; petrol, £9 15s. 7d.; gear-oil, 4s. 6d.; engine-oil, £1 12s. 6d. for a ten-gallon drum, of which, however, a considerable quantity still remained; grease, 6s. 6d.; metal polish, 1s. 6d.; new tube as spare, 15s. 9d.; repairs, £2 1s. 9d.; one Dunlop cover, £2 1s. 9d.; and garage rent, £3 10s.—a total of £24 17s. 10d. The petrol-consumption worked out at 47 miles per gallon.



TO REINFORCE THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS' "FLEET" AT THE FRONT: A CONVOY OF MOTOR-LORRIES.

To make good the wear-and-tear of war, and increase the establishment at the front, a continuous succession of motor-lorries, for the use of the Army Service Corps, is being shipped every week or so across the Channel. Practically all the manufacturers of heavy motor-vehicles in the Kingdom are kept busy in making deliveries of lorries to the War Office as fast as they can be turned out, the finished vehicles proceeding mostly from the works in batches to the central depot of the War Office Mechanical Transport Department, whence the military authorities pass them on to the port of shipment. Our photograph shows a convoy of Dennis Subvention model lorries en route from the works at Guildford.

Photograph by Sale and Co.

One Farthing per Mile!

So far from these figures requiring to be

discounted in any way, they may be made to appear even more favourable. Not everyone has to pay outside rent for his car, but can accommodate it on his own premises. The registration fee is not annual, but is spread over the whole period of ownership. The new tube, moreover, was not used, but only carried, as also was the spare cover. If we take the items

of expenditure upon the actual road use of the car, including repairs, we get the following: petrol, £9 15s. 7d.; oil, £1 17s., including the unused portion; grease, 6s. 6d.; and repairs, £2 1s. 9d.—a total of £14 0s. 10d. This works out at considerably

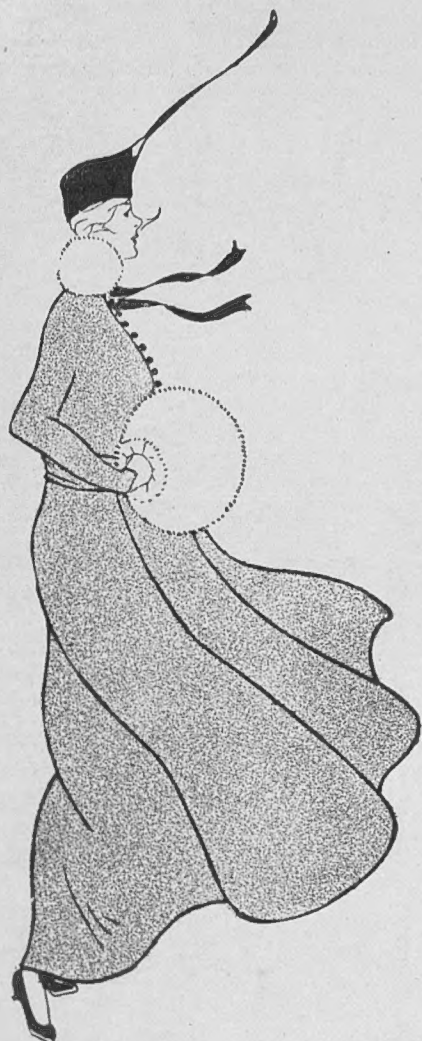
less than ¼d. per mile, or less than ¼d. per mile per person, as against 1d. per mile for a third-class railway ticket. Capital outlay and depreciation, of course, are not included in the foregoing figures, but these are matters which any man can gather for himself. The essential point as to which potential but doubting buyers require



A GIFT TO THE EMPIRE REVIEWED BY THE KING: MAHARAJAH SCINDIA'S AMBULANCE-TRAIN.

Londoners had an opportunity of seeing for themselves a concrete instance of the munificent patriotism of the Indian Princes the other day when the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior's generous gift of a complete motor-ambulance unit, organised on a princely scale, and comprising 41 motor-ambulances, 4 motor-cars, and 12 motor-lorries, paraded on presentation before the King at Buckingham Palace. We see here the leading ambulances of the train leaving the Palace grounds after the royal inspection.—[Photograph by Topical.]

evidence, and often hang back because of exaggerated impressions that still remain from the days when motoring was expensive in every respect, is the actual cost of running a light car per mile from one year's end to another. The more information we get; the more obvious is the economy of the car.



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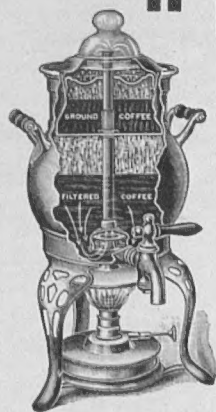
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A NEW NOVEL.

"The Woman in the Bazaar."By ALICE PERRIN.
(Cassell.)

Though Mrs. Perrin knows her India too thoroughly ever to be negligible among novelists of India, and though she is, besides, too clever in her art to be anything but readable, "The Woman in the Bazaar" is a story that wears thin by more tokens than one. It is weak in the construction, which obliges a divorced husband to wait for his second try at matrimony till a baby has grown up, with nothing particular doing in the interval, and the climax is so coincidental as to be barely credible. Quite a pleasant young couple start out for an Indian regimental station. On leave at home, he had fallen in love with her directly he looked over the gate of the parson's garden. She was a parson's daughter, and apparently an admirable one too. But it is just the removal of such a girl from a rustic backwater to the untried currents of English life in the East that Mrs. Perrin sets herself to discuss. It is a dangerous move; she assures us; and the bride, poorly educated, inexperienced, untried, may have been a right hand and a curate to her reverend father, but is unlikely to be a crown of rubies to her husband unless he looks after her with tact

and sympathy. This husband—not unworthy, but quite stupid—made a hopeless mess of it by driving his wife away in terror just when he should have saved her from her own innocent and priggish vanity. The ensuing divorce left him lonely till past middle-age, when he did it again—that is, took an inexperienced, pretty young thing out to the attractive but serpent-ridden (morally speaking) Eden of Indian regimental life. And just when history looked like repeating itself in the most tragic way, the outraged husband chanced up against the aftermath of that old failure. He met his first wife in a degradation beneath which there is no lower to the Western mind. She was, in fact, "the woman in the bazaar." One wonders how many vicars' daughters playing the harmonium and so discreetly conducting the village working parties are potential women in the bazaar. Mrs. Perrin can make these possibilities terrible and real. Fortunately for the second wife, her husband was converted in that moment of recognition of his former wife to a sense of responsibility which leavened his whole nature. He was broken up, to use a colloquialism, and, as a consequence, grew understanding and sympathy in ground hitherto most unfavourable, and grew it just in time to save another wife. Though the story runs thin, it is a good one in itself, and is helped out by all Mrs. Perrin's knowledge and wit.

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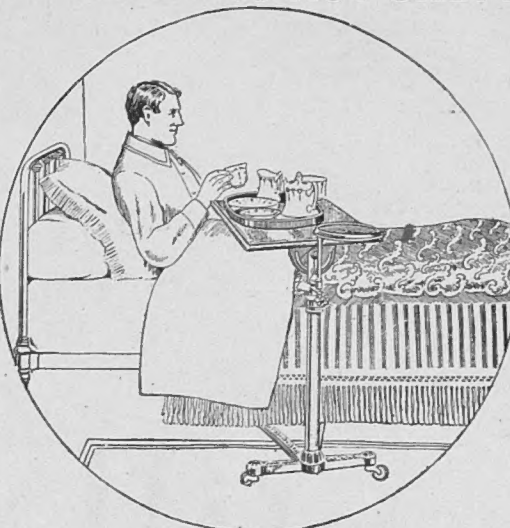
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